

AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.

[F] Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to protect the fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the exaction, fastidiously to the principles of popular representation, of a representative for slaves for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons.

And, in return for this reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is, to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make a **PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.**—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WHOLE NO. 947.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF SLAVERY

[illegible]

honorably opponents, he lies. When he proclaims that we have been emboldened to say aught of himself, or of any of his clique, because of the silence

The loud reply comes thundering out
 Above Niagara's boiling fountains,
 The rescued bondman's triumph shout
 Not unmingled with tones of sorrow and accu-
 sation, as he looks on the scene above him,
 more, at least to cast up a safe highway from the
 of republican bondage to the home of freedom
 a monarch's protecting ray. And what tumult
 acclaim, even while you are yet assembled,
 from 'the freed Antians,' like the roar of pent-
 bursting rivers, when the gates of heaven are
 at the returning anniversary of its emanci-
 pation. What is it but another tone of that same voice
 bids you, for very shame, to suffer no longer in
 'the free United States to cherish the slavery
 of which has abolished?—What are the taunts flung
 from beyond the seas, and from the shores
 and from pagans at their idol shrines, acce-
 heathenizing Christianity? What, but vari-
 the same unceasing voice, which will still roar
 shriek, and groan, and sigh, and wail, and
 accuse, and condemn, and curse, and curse,
 no longer in its starting tones and un-
 power? The earth which drank that blood—
 drinks it still, warm-dripping from the lash—
 continually its accusing cry to heaven. The
 which looked on with astonishment, huris
 response from the great thunder-clouds,
 with lightning, and with its broad ex-
 The rivers, discolored with the crimson stain,
 oceanward with indignant rush, pouring out
 the plains in every ripple of the current as they
 along. The ocean flings them back with its
 and its waves, and its winds, and its waves
 tumble in upon the trembling shore. And He
 sitteth on the circle of the heavens, that spread
 the earth, and stretched the clouds above it
 curtains of a tent, and channelled it with riv-
 ers, and scooped out the hollows for the seas,
 makes them thine in righteousness, he would
 that thou shouldst be thine in righteousness, he would
 the honor of his violated laws, and the voice
 of the helpless and injured poor, he is shaping
 ticate sounds those thunders above, and that
 of the waters below, and, as it were, bending
 the waters of the sea, and the winds of the
 be read—peeling upon your ears with the on-
 blazing upon your dazzling eyes with the other
 ecute judgment in the morning, and deliver his
 is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest
 ry go out like fire, and burn that none can

SLAVERY IN PERSIA.

We find in the London Anti-Slavery Reporter, tracts from the papers on the Slave Trade read before Parliament, among which is the correspondence between Col. Shiel, on behalf of the Government, and Hajje Meerza Agha, of the Shah's Court, in Persia, dated the latter of January, who is said to rival even the 'Royal Jew' in the number of his wives and female slaves, had virtually promised to issue a Firman prohibiting the traffic in slaves, provided it should be found consistent with the Mohammedan religion as such, and the Ottoman Empire concurred in the measure. The first document copied by the Reporter is the Shah's reply, dated the 10th of February, in which the Shah, by the aid of the British Minister of the Shah, by which it seems that the Mussulman made a matter of conscience of his refusal to comply with the request of the British agent

As to the actual facts of their treatment, the slaveholders have opportunities to conceal their cruelties which naval officers do not have. But though we produce the names of the slaveholders guilty of the most heinous crimes, the slave system, like the system of all the cunning and precautions of the most complete catalogue of horrors has been revealed, combined with which, the discipline of the navy seems as

[illegible]

the cry on each side. This being, doomed to a life of either dead apathy or raging passions, ought to be far away in Nubia,—toiling under a tropical sun, instead of, but toiling chiefly—in a coarse blouse underneath a turban, and a pair of trousers, and the children instead of obsequious fellow slaves to obey his orders,—with the creak of his water-wheel, and the low of his oxen in his ears, instead of the giddy laugh and monotonous guitar of the damsels of the harem!—and with the tenderness of a free and loving wife, and a beloved child, instead of the cold stare of a woman or stormy passions of captive princesses.

I next saw Slavery in a harem at Cairo. A party of eunuchs held up the curtain for us to enter; and a company of slave girls received us with low obeisance, and then devoted themselves, two each lady, and one each boy, to the service of the master in the stables, and sprinkling her with rose-water. The woe: many more up stairs,—some black, some white;—most of them richly dressed; all obsequious; few or none healthful or intelligent in appearance. This is not the place to disclose that many of the life of the slave is devoted to such unwholesome pleasures, that it must be, with its pining and low self-gratification, its vanity or mortification,—its passing triumph, or long-lowering jealousy,—its enervating, gluttony, *malaise*, premature old age, and slow, unregretted death. I have seldom heard of any when the slave is released from it was heaven when they were behind the most brocade and diamonds, sherris, flowers, dancing and laughing. These are the channels through which Slavery coaxes into the soul, poisoning its life as surely as the narcotic coffee, which is sometimes served to the inmates of the place, placed before the chill of sweat from the frame.

The next time I saw Slavery was near the first Cataract of the Nile,—at Assuan. Within an enclosure were half a dozen Nubian children,—slaves, on their way down the river. Their look of freedom was still in their eyes, but their hands were bound, and their strife of humanity should begin within them, or their humanity should be extinguished; for they were well fed, and their employments were such as they had been used to. The little girls,—the oldest of whom was declared to be fifteen, and was valued £15,—were dressed in the richest of the turban, and for the evening meal of the party. The time for pining had not come with them; but how was it with their parents? Their mothers were now probably making dourras cakes at home—with

the presence and the voice of the lost little one! And to some of these little ones, the day of pining must come. When the boys are in the cruel hands of the

Christians (Copts) at Oisout, must they not pine for their village under the palms, beside the flow flowing river Nile, which seems to them quite another Nile than that which runs by Oisout?—I have seen Nile. Two or three of them have come into the hands of the English and Christians die of their cruelty; but the remainder, one here and there dies of home-sickness; a better lot, we should think, than that of the survivors who will forget the Nile, and pine for luxury, or the Nile will oppress men in their turn. As for the women, we have seen what may be the prospect of some of them. And if one or another should become the wife of some man who can afford but one, what is her prospect?

"I have seen a young man, to an intelligent, able and kind-hearted young man of five and twenty, 'you think it a bad thing for your countrymen to have more than one wife; but you will not have one.' 'No,' said Aïse. 'I shall not take a wife until I can see that I shall have a good one.' 'You will not buy a white girl, and marry her.' 'But I hope, Aïse, you will take care to learn beforehand that she will suit you, as to her temper and habits. I hope you will never put her away after having bought her, so far

abolitionists to declare the Union at an end, men of
advice become the highest patriots. Last year
the Washington correspondent of the *Courier* com-
menced in this style, without eliciting a word of dis-
robation from its editors :

"The free States have the power in the Senate to
read the ordinance of 1787 over the territory in
question, if they would. But they will not. And
that, touch whatever part of our national aff-
airs will, by the force of the example, make
the point, not to resist: We are a slavery govern-
ment, and under slavery influences, and THERE IS
NO REMEDY BUT IN DISUNION."

During the past week, the Resolves from the Sen-
ate, in relation to keeping slavery out of California
and New Mexico, have been before the House, and
their speeches by Messrs. Upham of Salem, Hopkins
of Northampton, Curtis of Boston, Walker of Nor-
folk, and others, adopted—one in the negative

tion 'a sham, de-
of some stark-
in a petition last
' When cit-
of other giv-
as slaves on
in Southern dun-
no relief can be
to ask Mas-
an end, then has
them. Last year,
the Courier could
a word of disap-
in the Senate to
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will not. So true
re national affairs
re come round to
slavery govern-
and THERE IS
ON.'
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of California
the House, and
Salem, Hopkins
Walker of North
in the negative.

ly inspired, and the only rule of faith and practice. Hence their dogmatism, zeal and insolence. At this point. To-morrow, let it be neither safe nor advantageous for them to preach that doctrine, and they would not have another word to say about it. The history, as a class, from the days of Constantine to the present hour, runs all one way—no matter whether Catholic or Protestant. In time-serving, double-dealing, and the black arts, they throw far into the shade the whole race of politicians. They have no other God before their eyes but the God PUBLIC SENTIMENT. They believe in no other Bible than that of POPULAR OPINIONS. They believe in the advantage and duty always lying on the popular side.

year's subscription to the paper.

Yours in haste,

D. RUGGLES.

SOUTH HINGHAM, Feb. 20, 1849.

DEAR SIR—The call in the Liberator of last week for further aid in behalf of the old pioneer sheet, hope will be fully responded to. You may consider me as pledged to pay into the treasury of the Liberator, five dollars.

Very respectfully,

J. CUSHING.

NEW ISWICH, Feb. 19, 1849.

I regret that I do not feel able to send the five dollars recommended by the Chairman of the Finance

To CORRESPONDENTS. Two letters from William Goodell, in reply to Henry C. Wright, on the Bill question, are on file for insertion.

The letter of Nathan Evans, of Pa., is received.

For the reminiscences sent to us by J. F. H., Cleveland, Ohio, we are much obliged.

Legislature and others, in the Representatives' Hall on Friday evening. His subject was the condition of the Indian tribes of the West, and his object is amelioration of their condition.

very lively and intelligent, and speaks English.
Apply to WENDELL PHILLIPS, 26 Essex street
Mrs. GARNATT, 26 Albany street, Boston.

43 COMMERCIAL-STREET,
BOSTON.
HENRY A. BAKER, {
ALBERT M. CHASE. {
Oct. 13
1st A 17





From the Boston Atlas.

BRINGING THE YANKEES TO TERMS.

'If this course be taken, (a dissolution of the Union,) we can command the world, and soon bring these Yankee pedlars suing at our feet for admission into the Union with the South.'

Hon. Mr. Iveson, in the Southern Secret Convention.

Ho! Iveson, you're talking loud; your words are full of boasts; You threaten sorrow to our cot, and sadness on our coats!

Would you, in truth, bold Iveson, sever the bonds in twain, And bring us crouching to your feet, and begging for your chain?

I pray you, think a moment, now—your words are past recall—

If you would truly leave us here, to totter to our fall? Have you no feeling for our state, so piteously weak, That you would leave to any fate our little Northern clique?

Are there no means to ward the blow? and must we share your guilt, And see your curse brood o'er the lands for which our blood was spilt?

Must we, to hold your favor yet, acknowledge trade in men, By sheltering 'neath our eagle's wing, the human cattle pen?

No! no! we thunder in your ears; our mountains echo, no! We dare you to fulfill your threats—we brave your threatened woe.

The Yankee blood is not so chill, nor Yankee strength so slight, As thus to quake at threatened ill, or turn from real fight.

We sue to naught that's here on earth, or any where— But God! And, least of all, will we e'er bend to any traitor's sword.

Yes, Iveson! bold Iveson! and all your vaporing band, We brand you traitors to the State, and recreant to the land.

And if (which God forefend, indeed) rebellion is unfurled, A night will rise upon your gaze, which will 'command the world.'

The North, with all its free-born strength, in hamlet and in town, Will raise its million sinewy arms, and crush rebellion down!

'With what stifling emotions of heart-rending suffering does Mrs. Butler pen the following lines, in relation to her unhappy wedded state!

UPON A BRANCH OF FLOWERING ACACIA.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

The blossoms hang again upon the tree, As when with their sweet breath they greeted me Against my casement, on that sunny morn.

When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born. And as I lay panting from the fierce strife With death and agony that won thy life,

Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough, E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou. They seem to me thy sisters, Oh, my child!

And now the full, full of their fragrance mild, Recalls that hour; a fond agony Pulls at my heart-strings as I think of thee.

Was it in vain? Oh! was it in vain? That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,

When, from the shadowy boundaries of death, I brought thee safely, breathing living breath Upon my heart? It was a holy shrine,

Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine! And in their tender depths the blue heaven smiled,

And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child, And solemn joy of a new life was spread Like a mysterious halo 'round that bed.

And now how hazy, as I think of thee, Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore, Thy childhood mother sits lamenting o'er

Flowers which the spring calls from that foreign earth, Thy twine, that crowned the morning of thy birth. How is it with thee—lost, lost, precious one,

In thy fresh spring-time, growing up alone? What warm sunbeams—what sweet dew drops are shed,

Like love and patience, o'er thy young head? What holy springs feed thy deep inner life?

What shelters thee from Passion's deadly strife? What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full and free,

Lovely and glorious, Oh, my fair young tree? God—Father—thou, who by this awful fate, Hast lopp'd and stripp'd, and left me desolate!

In the dark, bitter floods, that o'er my soul Thy billows of despair triumphantly roll, Let me not be overwhelmed! Oh! they are thine,

These jewels of my life—not mine—not mine! So keep them that the blossoms of thy youth Shall, in a gracious growth of love and truth,

With an abundant harvest home Thee, And less the blight which thou hast sent on me. Withering and blasting, though it seem to fall,

Let it not, Oh, my Father! drink up all My spirit's sap—so from thy fruit shall grow The palm branch for my hand and for my brow,

With which, a hopeful pilgrim, I may tread The shadowy path where rest awhile the dead, Ere they rise up, a glorious company,

To find their lost ones, and to worship Thee!

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Hope, brothers hope! for the happier day, That peeps through the distant gloom;

Think not the sorrows that round you play, For ever shall be your doom.

Lose not your faith in the good and the true— In love, with its soothing strain;

But hope, brothers! hope that your homes so true, May echo with mirth again!

Morning may rise with clouds on his brow, And wrath in his flashing eye;

May read in his fury the old oak bough, And scatter its leaves on high;

But his anger abates, as Time unrolls The day from his mighty coil;

Then hope, brothers, hope! let it fill your souls, To lighten your weary toil!

Black Error may sit on the blood-stain'd throne, And rule with a de-pot's hand—

His kingdom may reach from the farthest zone, To our own dear native land;

But the day shall come when his broken shield Will rank 'mong the things that were;

Then hope, brothers, hope! to despair ne'er yield— 'Tis noble to hope and to bear!

For sure as the proud careerer's steed Bounds o'er the iron plain,

And vies with the whirlwind's utmost speed, As he drags on the joyous train—

And as sure as the wire, with electric tone, Bears peace on its trembling wing,

So sure will bright Truth ascend the throne: Then, brothers, let's hope and sing! R. K.

Reformatory.

THE BARBAST.

SHORT CASE.

Harrison Co., Ohio, 24 mo. 11th, 1849.

FRIEND GARRISON:

I should like to say a few words concerning the Sabbath. One day was no doubt set apart from the best of motives, for the purpose of worship.

Veneration controls the human feelings, its natural language is—Lord, thy will, mine, be done. Having no will, men can do nothing, and hence the practice of abstaining from secular business.

Inasmuch as veneration is the only element in the human mind that furnishes felicity without alloy, it is hard to say too much in favor of its cultivation.

It is the strong hold of safety in all possible extremities, and is appropriately termed the sheet-anchor of the soul. Veneration ceases to control the mind when men undertake to force persons to observe the Sabbath.

Complacency and self-esteem are the movers of this project, and they produce misery when active; and so far as the present case is concerned, obviously without foundation in the Constitution of the United States.

None that have intelligence commensurate with their zeal will attempt to compel others, by penalties, to observe days and times for worship; because the attempt appeals to an adverse element in the mind, and the object they expect to advance is thus defeated.

When men meet to encourage the growth of veneration, they dislike to have benevolence appealed to as much as reason. Persons who meet to excite benevolence, would consider a discourse on theology very much out of place.

Inasmuch as nothing can be well accomplished without concentration of effort, would it not be well that the first day of the week be set apart for the exercise of benevolence (say the last fifth day in each month)? Then the two commandments, on which hang all the law and the prophets, would stand a chance to be fulfilled.

None can be Christians without loving God supremely, and their neighbors as themselves.

I like all writers to be as brief as possible, and therefore conclude.

Thy friend and brother,

M. T. JOHNSON.

PROGRESS—DENUNCIATION.

The second number of the Phenological Journal comes out decidedly against 'denunciation' as a means of reform.

Its editors 'used to think, that existing religious sects must be demolished, and hence assailed them with sledge-hammer and broad-axe severity.' They think they have now 'progressed somewhat in a knowledge how to take them.'

They now think it is not best to 'fight them,' but to 'coax' them, by 'showing them a more excellent way, and saying but little about their errors.'

So enamored are they of this new discovery, that they play some strange antics off before the world in announcing it.

I sincerely hope that the esteemed editors may not prove themselves justly obnoxious to an accusation akin to that once brought by one Festus against the apostle Paul.

But on what other grounds can we account for the following strange talk? On page 64, vol. xi. No. 2, of the Journal, they say, 'Scourge them, (the churches), and they at once retire within their hide-bound enclosure of rites and creeds, stop their ears, and utterly refuse you audience, besides hating you cordially, just because you tell them the truth.'

Now turn to page 57, same number, and we find it asserted that 'men never are nauseated by truth itself, but by the bitter drugs stirred into it, by its imperfect administrators.'—None hate truth, but all love it; and the worse they are, the more bland and delightful its influence upon their souls.

'Remember this, ye hated reformers, it is you that are hated, and hated because NATURAL.'

So, friend Garrison, the Southern slaveholder does not hate anti-slavery truth, not at all. If it had not been for your 'hateful' manner of administering it, in the Liberator, you would have been highly esteemed by many other editors in the nation, and the Liberator would have been the most popular paper in all the land, sought after and cherished by the most inveterate slaveholders, for its 'bland and delightful influence upon their souls!'

Again, page 53, the Journal says—'Religion, like governments, takes no forward step till goaded on to it by the arguments and ridicule of its opponents.'

'Yet,' it continues, 'is this just the very best way to get them forward? In the same breath in which it affirms that neither church nor government will take any step until moved by argument and ridicule, it exclaims if it would not be 'easier' to get them along by 'coaxing.'

This sudden conversion of the Journal to the coaxing system, seems the more strange, in view of the astounding success which has attended its use of the 'broad-axe and sledge-hammer' warfare for the last ten years.

On page tenth of the first number of the present volume, it tells the public that it numbers its converts made 'directly' by itself, during that time, by 'tens of thousands'; besides 'hundreds of thousands' made by 'proxy.'

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, the Journal's usual wisdom does not avail it, when it so suddenly repudiates a means that has been attended with such signal success, and adopts in its stead one that has often been tried without any very decided beneficial results, viz. trying to convert men from their sins, without plainly telling them in what their sins consist.

The editor of the Phenological Journal has hitherto done a good service to man, by faithfully telling the truth plainly in his own way—by acting out himself. I believe it to be well nigh impossible for him to sustain successfully an assumed character.

Indeed, the new role is most clearly violated in the first article that follows the one that has been the subject of remark. Page 63 rather sharply denounces an individual as 'a fool'; indeed, the article itself furnishes a pretty respectable 'denunciation' in the following sentence:—'Remember this, ye hated reformers, it is you that are hated, and hated because NATURAL!'

Perhaps, however, as denouncers are the chief sinners, the Journal reserves the privilege of using the 'broad-axe and the sledge-hammer' for their special benefit.

So the case seems to stand on this wise—to call a man who steals men, women and babes, a hateful thief, is inexcusable denunciation; is right and proper in the judgment of the American Phenological Journal. Is not this 'progressing' backwards?

Springfield, Jan. 31, 1849.

P. S. The foregoing article has been prepared for the Liberator, because it is believed that many of its readers are also patrons of the Phenological Journal, and because it was thought that the latter periodical did not partake enough of the character of a miscellaneous publication to warrant the expectation that it would publish it.

E. W. T. WING.

TRUE MODE OF EFFECTING REFORM.

INCLUDING THE EVILS OF CENSORIOUSNESS AND DENUNCIATION.

When the philanthropic mind sees his fellow-men writhing in misery on account of any public error or evil, his first impulse is to pour out sharp invectives upon both the evil itself, and those who are instrumental in perpetrating or inflicting them. Tortured Benevolence is very apt to call up Combustiveness and Destructiveness, to heap abuse, or inflict chastisement upon the executors of evil, and likewise to battle down the evils themselves.

Conscientiousness, too, when it is very likely to rouse just indignation, and inflict punishment upon the doers of wrong; and Casualty at first says, 'He breaks law, let him suffer!'

Yet is this not the superficial, instead of normal exercise of these faculties? Grant all that is claimed—that the evil is most glaring, and is perpetually inflicting an incalculable amount of human suffering—granted that it violates every principle and precept of right, and saying nothing about those extenuating circumstances, such as ancient usage, universal custom, inconsiderateness, etc., which mitigate the criminality of the actors, yet is not every combative mode of obviating evil itself an evil, and is not all denunciatory, unqualified wrong, itself deserving of rebuke? Is it the best, or the true way of overcoming evil? Is not this OPPOSITE mode of removing evils both less efficacious, and more difficult than the persuasive method?

An allegory: A large collection of ignorant, debased persons were seated around a table, filled with all sorts of filthy, nauseating, and disease-engendering food, strongly tainted with gall, and scented with another table, loaded with the most delicious and healthy foods and fruits possible, the aroma of which perfumed the air around with most inviting fragrance. Two apostles were commissioned to induce those eating of the loathsome food to exchange it for this savory repast. The first, possessed of large Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Combustiveness, and Destructiveness, approached them in an imperative manner, tipped over their seats, and then laughed at their protest and indignation; but they, who had been only made angry at the intruder, and still more determined to eat on. Seeing this would not do, he fell to pelting them with clenched fists and knotty clubs, at which they rose up in a rage, beat him, and expelled him from the room, that they might eat in peace.

The other apostle then advanced with a winning blandness of manner, an inviting voice, and a benignant smile, having in his hands some choice bread and fruits, of which he himself was eating, and invited them to taste it, and see which they liked best, adding, 'I am like you, and I like to eat, and I like to be happy (he did not say like) better. Look at it, is it not beautiful? Smell of it, is it not fragrant? Taste it, is it not delicious? They saw, smelt, and tasted, partly out of curiosity, and partly in hope of finding something better, and were delighted. 'Have you and I, and our inquired-after Abundances, what else, and you are welcome to all you can eat,' he said, and they followed him, and another, and a third, and after seeing and tasting, beckoned the others to come likewise. One after another, they all left the bad food, and regaled themselves on the good, meanwhile wondering how they could have thought the other good, and thanking their friend for conducting them to so bounteous a supply of such delightful fruits.

Exactly so with all attempts at reforming mankind. Pitch at them with harsh epithets, and call them fools and devils, and they will hate you, and regard their vices the harder; but just present to their consideration the superior excellence of the good, and right, without even so much as attempting to nauseate them with what they are eating; render your words, your manner, your subject inviting, and they will flock around you, try your doctrines, and be reformed. Is not this the true way? Does it not accord with human nature? Is it not soft words that turn away wrath?

And do not most reformers make an almost fatal mistake on this point? Do they clearly appreciate the inherent power of truth? Do they, after doing their utmost to present it in the most attractive light, and in the most simple and direct manner, still go on with their angry, and cutting, and high-sounding, and right, without even so much as attempting to nauseate them with what they are eating; render your words, your manner, your subject inviting, and they will flock around you, try your doctrines, and be reformed. Is not this the true way? Does it not accord with human nature? Is it not soft words that turn away wrath?

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ment upon the executors of evil, and likewise to battle down the evils themselves. Conscientiousness, too, when it is very likely to rouse just indignation, and inflict punishment upon the doers of wrong; and Casualty at first says, 'He breaks law, let him suffer!'

Yet is this not the superficial, instead of normal exercise of these faculties? Grant all that is claimed—that the evil is most glaring, and is perpetually inflicting an incalculable amount of human suffering—granted that it violates every principle and precept of right, and saying nothing about those extenuating circumstances, such as ancient usage, universal custom, inconsiderateness, etc., which mitigate the criminality of the actors, yet is not every combative mode of obviating evil itself an evil, and is not all denunciatory, unqualified wrong, itself deserving of rebuke? Is it the best, or the true way of overcoming evil? Is not this OPPOSITE mode of removing evils both less efficacious, and more difficult than the persuasive method?

An allegory: A large collection of ignorant, debased persons were seated around a table, filled with all sorts of filthy, nauseating, and disease-engendering food, strongly tainted with gall, and scented with another table, loaded with the most delicious and healthy foods and fruits possible, the aroma of which perfumed the air around with most inviting fragrance. Two apostles were commissioned to induce those eating of the loathsome food to exchange it for this savory repast. The first, possessed of large Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Combustiveness, and Destructiveness, approached them in an imperative manner, tipped over their seats, and then laughed at their protest and indignation; but they, who had been only made angry at the intruder, and still more determined to eat on. Seeing this would not do, he fell to pelting them with clenched fists and knotty clubs, at which they rose up in a rage, beat him, and expelled him from the room, that they might eat in peace.

The other apostle then advanced with a winning blandness of manner, an inviting voice, and a benignant smile, having in his hands some choice bread and fruits, of which he himself was eating, and invited them to taste it, and see which they liked best, adding, 'I am like you, and I like to eat, and I like to be happy (he did not say like) better. Look at it, is it not beautiful? Smell of it, is it not fragrant? Taste it, is it not delicious? They saw, smelt, and tasted, partly out of curiosity, and partly in hope of finding something better, and were delighted. 'Have you and I, and our inquired-after Abundances, what else, and you are welcome to all you can eat,' he said, and they followed him, and another, and a third, and after seeing and tasting, beckoned the others to come likewise. One after another, they all left the bad food, and regaled themselves on the good, meanwhile wondering how they could have thought the other good, and thanking their friend for conducting them to so bounteous a supply of such delightful fruits.

Exactly so with all attempts at reforming mankind. Pitch at them with harsh epithets, and call them fools and devils, and they will hate you, and regard their vices the harder; but just present to their consideration the superior excellence of the good, and right, without even so much as attempting to nauseate them with what they are eating; render your words, your manner, your subject inviting, and they will flock around you, try your doctrines, and be reformed. Is not this the true way? Does it not accord with human nature? Is it not soft words that turn away wrath?

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